

It Was A Very Good Year

Russell Watson

When I was seventeen
It was a very good year
It was a very good year for small town girls
And soft summer nights
Wed hide from the lights
On the village green
When I was seventeen

When I was twenty-one
It was a very good year
It was a very good year for city girls
Who lived up the stair
With all that perfumed hair
And it came undone
When I was twenty-one

When I was thirty-five
It was a very good year
It was a very good year for blue-blooded girls
Of independent means
Wed ride in limousines
Their chauffeurs would drive
When I was thirty-five

But now the days grow short
Im in the autumn of the year
And now I think of my life as vintage wine
>from fine old kegs
>from the brim to the dregs
And it poured sweet and clear
It was a very good year

It was a mess of good years